

## **1. KATEGORIE – 6.-7.třída**

1. místo –
2. místo -
3. místa -

## **2. KATEGORIE – 8.-9.třída**

1. místo – Iva Hoang, 9.A
2. místa – Martin Szilvási, 9.A
3. místa – Kateřina Svobodová, 9.A and Jan Suchomel, 8.A

### **Čestná uznání:**

**Linh Tran, 9.A**

**Benedikt Spálovský, 9.A**

**Ondřej Švejnoha, 9.A**

### **MY IDEAL BOYFRIEND**

Iva Hoang, 9.A

I never think about leaving my country, but parents said that is the best way for us. I'm from little town called Nam Dinh in North Vietnam. It's two hours far from the capital city Hanoi. I was born there, my whole childhood was spent in the streets of Nam Dinh. But then it happened. The university in Los Angles gave my brother a scholarship. We aren't the richiest family in the town, but my parents don't want to leave him alone in America. My dad had a brother in LA, so he decided to move to America. And here I am now. 15 years old, without future and first of all without friends.

My first day at school was terrible. Everyone stared at me and I felt uncomfortable. My mum said that is normal, I'll get used soon. Everyday I was scared of school. Every morning I knew that I must go to the hell. I was the nerd, not the nicest girl in the school or popular. But I can stay alone. I think that is kind of the best for me. I'm the wierdo now and I don't want to fight it.

“Hello my name is Jack.” It was Monday, outside the windows it looked like someone poured hectolitres of water on our school. It seemed like a boring day. They said that in LA was drought for six months till now. And today it was raining like never. I was looking out of the window and then he came to me. First, I was confused, second no one talked to me for two weeks, so why st handsome guy came to me? I had not a name in America so I had to make it up. And my English wasn't also the best.

“Hi, I'm Quynh, you can call me Jessica.” Jessica. I saw the name in a magazine. A celebrity Jessica Alba or who. I liked the name.

“Where are you from?” his blue eyes were concentrated.

“Vietnam.” I couldn't even talk more I was really shy.

“Do you like Los Angles? Tell me something about Vietnam, about your life.” he was really into me.

“I can't talk English, but I like it.” I didn't know what had I just said.

“Well then, you must talk more.” his smile, God, I have never seen more beautiful smile in the world. His teeth were so straight and white. How?

“I don't have a friend.”

“Now you've got me, let me teach you!” I was surprised! That was great, I had a friend.

“OK.” I was scared that I'll say something wrong so I spoke in short sentences and not all of them were correct.

“Let me show you our incredible school.” He, on the other hand, talked too much. I could understand him, but every single moment when I wanted to talk I couldn't. I knew a lot of things

about him, for example, that he have been playing rugby for 3 years now. He was the popular kid. And how I knew that? Simply.

“Hey you! Yes you, little Asian girl.” Her name was Sheryl, a perfect American girl with blond hair and sporty body with edges and her eye lashes were long and full of volume.

“Me?” I asked.

“Yes you little \*\*\*\*!”

“What's your problem Sheryl? We are not dating anymore. Handle it.” He was angry.

“Oh no, you're a hero again, right?” She laughed.

“Oh, shut your mouth Sheryl and leave us.”

“So now you actually date this?” She pointed at me.

“No, we are friends. You know what? Bye.” He grabbed my hand.

For two months we spent the most time together. Everyday he was waiting when was a lunch time. He taught me how to eat with a fork and knife. Day by day I slowly fell in love with him. But I never said it loud. My parents didn't want me to have a boyfriend. So they banned me to be friends with him. I hated them so much, that I could kill them. But I only screamed and cried. My dad accompanied me to school and after school. My little cousin (who went to the same school as me) reported everything about what I did, what she saw. These rules lasted for 3 months, then my dad realized that I'm done. They knew that I was sad. But what could they do. Christmas was already there. And I wanted to buy something for my new friends. My parents gave me some money, so I could buy some little presents for them. Jack wasn't at school for 3 weeks. I was really worried. At school he only stared at me. But his face said nothing. That hurt the most. A boy who I loved (yes, I actually said it) didn't want to. When I was shopping with my mum, I saw a rugby ball, but in a smaller size for boys. I secretly bought it, that my mum couldn't see it. When I was wrapping the presents I was thinking about him. What is he doing now? Why hasn't he been at school for 3 weeks? Just lots of questions. I wanted to give him a present for everything he has done for me. I said to myself “NOW!” I ran downstairs and I didn't think about my parents or anyone else. I just ran focused on Jack. When I found his house I was knocking like someone wanted to kill me. Jack opened the door. I gave him my present, said only “Hi” and was about to run away. But his hand stopped me. He came slowly which made me breathe heavily. And then he kissed me.

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## THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE

Martin Szilvási, 9.A

Oh my God! Today was the worst day of my life, all of the things I've done went wrong. For example, today I went to work. I work in a KFC. And I burnt the meat. All of it. So I got fired.

I wanted to go home so I went through a park and guess what? Someone robbed me. So I called the police. Unfortunately for me there was another lady who was robbed and when the police came they assaulted and arrested me. So I happened to be in prison where there were three more weird guys with me. At one point they started to fight with each other and sometimes I got punched or kicked or or stomped as well. Luckily for me I got out because the lady who was also robbed said that it wasn't me.

So I wanted to go home but the worst thing happened. I fell into the sewer. I wanted to climb up by the ladder that was on the wall. As I was climbing, I started to hear some cracks. I got scared so I climbed even faster. The ladder broke down and I fell into something smelly. It was some kind of poo. I was trying to find some kind of exit. As I saw the exit I heard some kind of noise. In front of me a crocodile appeared. I ran away looking back if the crocodile isn't following me and I ran into a wall. The hit stunted me and I fell into the gross khaki colored river of some sort. When I woke up, I was outside.

I finally got to my home. I went to the doors and I heard a woman laughing. I went inside and I saw

my girlfriend cheating on me. With my dad! I couldn't believe it. After the whole day of bad things happening to me, I needed to sleep. So I went to my friend's house and asked if I could sleep there. He said yes. He told me where the bed is so I went there and I immediately fell asleep. But, some kind of really drunk driver crashed into the house and I fell out of the house. That was the last tick. I went crazy. I started to laugh maniacally and started to run around the town. My sanity went back when when I came to the bridge. I said to myself that I don't have anything to live for and I jumped. Well, let's say "luckily", there was a boat down there that had a bouncy castle on it so I bounced back on the top of the bridge. That made my sanity go away for ever. People saw me getting crazy and called into a sanatorium. The guys from sanatorium arrived and got me into their van. Then, I woke up. But there was a monster so I woke up again and finally, everything was fine.

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I WOKE UP, LOOKED IN THE MIRROR AND WAS SHOCKED. I SAW...  
Kateřina Svobodová, 9.A

„Oh, Halloween! Sweet sweet Halloween!” shouted my friend and smiled. He was fourteen, just one year younger than me.  
“Yes, Jimmy, it's Halloween,” I sighed.  
“Oh, c'mon, it will be great! Look, I have a costume.” He showed me his ragged bloodstained clothes.  
“I will be a zombie,” he said.  
“Yes, really nice,” I sighed again and looked out of my room window. It was raining. I hated rain, but Halloween I hated more. The costumes, Jack-o-lanterns, candies ... terrible. I didn't like candies.  
“Why are you so annoyed?” asked Jimmy and lied on my bed.  
“I don't know. I just don't like Halloween,” I mumbled.  
“Why? It's exciting and interesting. Only one day of year, when you can wear a mask,” he dreamily said.  
“I know...”  
“So, what's the problem? You will just go out and have fun,” he smiled at me.  
“OK ... but I haven't got the costume. Halloween is tomorrow and all costumes from Costume Hire are rented now.”  
“Don't worry, I will think of something.”  
Morning. I hated mornings. They were cold, on the streets was mist and I had to get up. I hated mornings. But the mist, the cold, and everything bad was good today, because it was Halloween. The creepiest day of year. And I didn't have the costume. Damn it. But I believed to Jimmy. He said he will think of something. I didn't want to wake up. Thanks God it was a weekend.  
I woke up four hours later. I stood up and slowly went to the bathroom. I sleepily looked in the mirror.  
“What the - !” I shouted and jumped away from the mirror. My heartbeat was so heavy and I could hear it. I was blinking for some moment. In the mirror there was a beast. A Werewolf. But the scariest thing was, I was the Werewolf.  
“What the hell is this?!” I shouted. I had dark skin, wolf ears and ruffled hair.  
“By God, what happened to me?!” I started to cry.  
In the moment I heard a laugh. Now I understood. I turned round and looked at Jimmy stood in the door. He was laughing and crying.  
“Do you did this?” I asked.  
“YES, YES! And it was so amusing,” he wheezed. I never was so angry.  
“I will kill you! You damn little bastard, I will kill you! Do you know how frightened I was?” I

shouted to him.

“It was just fun, dude. I wanted to show you, what Halloween is about. Keep calm and have fun,” he smiled at me.

“You are so crazy, know you?” I said and smiled back at him.

“Yes, I know. And as you have the costume now, we can go out and scare the other people.”  
I don't hate Halloween anymore.

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## MY IDEAL GIRLFRIEND

Jan Suchomel, 8.A

When I was young I was very stupid. I saw a very beautiful girl every day but I couldn't say anything to her. She was ... Perfect! She had very beautiful blue eyes, amazing blond hair, beautiful body and very nice voice. I was thinking about her non-stop. I wanted her. I wanted nice life with her. I wanted to have very good and happy children with her. But! I was unable to talk to her about what I feel. I was very nervous and it's very hard. One day became my story:

I got up at seven o'clock and began an ordinary day. I ate müsli for breakfast and I ran to school at eight o'clock. Already in front of school I saw her. She was beautiful like every day. I wanted to follow her but I was an idiot. I wanted ... I wanted everything. I began to cry (in my head) because she's very beautiful and I couldn't do anything. When I was in my mind, school was opening and I went to school. I was in class 8.B and she was in 8.A and it was a problem. I didn't speak with children from 8.A. But, my friend Jesus Christ was speaking with them and this saved me. He told me that she was Maggie White.

“This name is very beautiful,” I thought but I said only: “Thank you!”

I don't remember what I was doing after. I remember only our P.E. lesson because on P.E. began my new life.

Boys (with me) were playing football and girls were climbing up the pole. Out of the blue I heard someone calling: “Help me! Please, help!”

I looked to the pole and I saw her. I began running to her and she began falling down. I jumped and caught her!

Now I was holding her in my arms and she was very happy.

“Thank you, my honey,” she said.

I was in shock and said: “I love you, Maggie!”

She only looked at me and she didn't know what to say. I smiled to her and kissed her. Children began to clap their hands and I was happy.

Now I have lived with her since 2008. We have two children (John and Eliška) and a very beautiful house. I am the happiest person in the world!!!

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